

SE. KEVIN.—A LADY OF GLENDALE, LOUGH, IRELAND.

BY HENRIETTA WELLINGTON BOATE.

“Twas a Christmas night, long ago,
Kevin lived in a long ago,
And claimed his kyan on soft and low
Where the Seven Churches stand.

“While the midnight mass was sung,
And merrily prayed the forenoon,
The church bells tolled the last song;
And the final tolling left the fast and prayer.

“While the good saint headed each heart
Of the people, and each heart was glad.

“To take in the joy a part.

“The parish were up late with that night,

To deal the food to each hungry wight.

“The robed in a lowly vestment stand;

And the poor stand on a high command.

“Each heart should hold jubilee.

“And every heart should be bound,

With a crown of low degrees.

“O’keeffe’s forty saints were try in dress—
The vestments are decked in their holiday best.

“While round him soft strains of festivity glide,
The walls are all draped with rich pink tulle.

“Postured up with holly and snow-drops the forest,

“The red winter cherry, all fresh from the ground,

With the green laurelments are wreathed over each shield.

“The battle and sleep with the pine and the bay;

“The willow and pierce, with onions and leeks.

“Are torn to the root by a scything scythe,

“A thousand golden boughs covered the cakes board

And white, and the roses in his garlands

He adores, and the roses with gay ribbons and bows,

And the choice dishes in glory he beys;

“Unsheathed flows in streams from rich gold,

And the chase by the feathers are told;

“A Harper is chiding a strain full of joy and

““ay.”

“A woman, and another is bound at the gate,

And a maid uncertain for Hubert don wait;

“For Hubert the country, the King’s been

“While white by the gate in the dust in despair;

“No hands had the mourner, her kindred were dead,

“And Hubert had vowed the fair maiden to the rose;

“The rose, it was falling; the storm, it was high;

“And the clouds of gloom hovered over the sky;

“The storm, it grew louder, then fainter, then

“The rose, it was falling; the storm, it was high;

“The maiden was waiting and shivering there;

“Then Hubert took his wine—“

“““ay.”



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WHY SO MANY DEAULTERS?

The records of the past five years are black with examples of dishonesty. An epidemic of stealing seems to have swept through every grade of society. The mounting room, the government office and the very chamber have been visited. So widespread has the evil grown that the foundations of public confidence have been shaken. Men have been willing to commit with David, "All men are liars," and losing faith in the honesty of others, many have naturally led to our integrity weakened, if not corrupted.

Unquestionably a check has been placed. Dishonesty, disloyalty and perfidy have earned some recompence before, and we may look for at least a respite from the direful flood of corruption. It is well to note the cause which worked this evil in the past, and guard against their becoming active in the future.

We name three, believed to be chief among the influences leading to malfeasance: cupidity, consciousness, and consciousness. This last, expansive though most evil, is the latent potent influence of the three, in producing criminals. There are a few individuals born to evil. Determined perhaps from a line of thieving ancestors, the propensity has been fixed in the blood, like a birth in the body, or a birth in a limb. Such malice may lie dormant a generation or two and then break out in some vital family, who have themselves lived honest lives, but when boy or girl, taken with blood of the nation, begin early and continue through life a "disposition." Such a disposition may remain dormant in an individual for years until strong temptation overcomes it, and then like a moral epidemic it seizes and will find lodgment, unless positive efforts have been strong enough to overcome it. Cases of kleptomania, however, are numerous and account for very few of the friends by which the community has been so often started.

Cupidity is prolific of this form of crime. Extended and intricate business transactions, involving hundreds of thousands of dollars daily, are conducted almost wholly to the care of subordinates, often to young, inexperienced, or inefficient clerks, over whom there is exercised very slight supervision, and without any system by which fraud might be at once detected. It is possible, but could be for a merchant to know daily if his balances are all right. The clerk should know any irregularity will at once reveal itself, and that the watchful eye of the owner is alert to lay his suspicions when temptation offers. There are thousands of men in business who cannot tell to-day how they stand, or whether they are being faithfully served or systematically subduced. The end death or departure of a master has often secured a master unscrupulous through his fraud. Don't tempt employes by your own example.

Cupidity is the strongest moving force in this unhappy business. Not wholly the cupidity of the clerk who steals. Too often he is educated to it by the cupidity of his master. His salary is not based on the value of services rendered, but on the necessities which compel him to accept and retain a situation. His advancement too often depends, not on his qualifications, but on what some other house will offer him. The young man is staying with a sense of injustice, feels that his employer is robbing him, and concludes that it is little more than fair that he should rob his employer in turn, whenever he can do so without risk of detection. One of the railroads corporations of New York paid a premium on dishonesty of subordinates by leaving it to be openly understood that their lack of wages was to be made up by "knocking down" (stealing). The thief's morale is further strengthened by the knowledge of the way in which many other vessels, their masters, and owners to think it little harm to steal what was first stolen, and so the demoralizing work goes on. These men are called to high places; great opportunities and great rewards. He who would but prevent himself must strive himself to be a protection to others; but, failing to do so, he will but help to overtake the cupidity of others.

OVERPAYING THE DEVIL.

"Give the Devil his due," most certainly would be the most honest kind of cheating to swindle one who has no professed friends even among his many followers. So that when Simon Bindlekin, who has vigorously served his master for many long years, building up a glorious reputation with the gold of ruined victims, would bribe the church to swell him among the saints by magnificence beyond, cut open him! Give the Devil his due; such characters as Simon are not much to give, and the old fellow should not be thus cheated.

But there is no need to overpay his fatuous majesty. His income is sufficiently large for his own good, notwithstanding the tricks of trade attempted to be played on him. It is worthy consideration by expert theologians who have studied his character, reversion and doings, whether a starving diet would not tend to his reformation. He has a wonderful effect on human natures and the other matter and ought how to stop his rations.

In other times, the Devil was really overpaid. He was bound over all this was dark and mysterious, all that was threatening or dangerous; every thing that seemed to work ill to mankind was supposed to be his by so sure a title that few disputed the claim. He was overpaid, especially, the orgiasts, the thunder and lightning, hurricanes, and tempests, the profane, the ominous, the wild beasts, and the wider ghosts and hauntings that dwelt in the darkness. To be sure there were not of themmores particularly valuable. He might, it is true, amuse himself with swinging caskets about through the sky, and popping them at the frightened children of men, but would finally tire of such gigantic fun. But with them in his possession he assured the fears and the mystery of man, exposed to be the darling object of his heart.

By-and-by science stripped him of these pomposities. The astronomers took away his caskets, Franklin tied a string to his lightning and gave it to man for a servant of all work, and physiologists reduced him of small-pox, yellow fever and cholera, and as is always the case with those fallen fortunes, his greatness is rapidly passing away with the loss of the possessions he so wrongfully held.

There are, however, many valuable prizes to be recovered from his hands, prizes which have been granted to him almost without mentioning his title. When a boy born and sold, or a man of unscrupulous integrity is exposed as a defaulter, the Devil is quite apt to get the reputation of achieving his ends, and the victim is very easily also wholly passed over to his further tender mercies. There is a splendid opportunity here for some man to make his name a shining vessel and a heavenly glory.

"The Restored Man's Friend." Had training, bad management, unbalance financial status, did the work credited to the Devil, but even if he permitted himself to enjoy his triumph, we can't afford to let him have our man and bushes. We give him more than his due when we permit any unfortunate, and criminals have most unfortunate fate of all, to fall into his clutches. Jails will not secure them from him—he revels in prisons—a mother's arms, a sister's open, kindly, forbearing, sympathizing yet steady hand is true保卫 for shelter. When these shall become universal, as this hitherto surfeited monarch, that will retire from this world in disgrace.

THE NATURE OF LOVE.

Self offering is the central vital element and the touchstone of love. Whatever loves may stir the heart, if this does not appear as an unshifting, spontaneous outgoing of the heart, a desire to know what one has and to open the object, and to secure its happiness, the passion is not love, however well it may simulate it, or however ardently it may burn.

There is no much which passes for love, and which unfortunately seems many of its privileges, which is really only self-sacrifice. Beauty, character, possessions may awaken, admiration, fondness and kindle intense passion to possess the object which offers the attractions, and yet fail to give it all its import to the soul which, while it may indeed desire to know, loses sight in order that it may fully possess.

Such creatures of love may even despise him who feels it. He may declare truthfully that his existence seems bound up in the pursuit and acquisition of the desired object; but once gained, and with desire gratified, there is nothing left to renew the flame; heat and light depart together, and blanched lips and the eyes of disappointment remain.

Where the true fire burns, and the ardor part of one's self is developed, the whole soul feels its elevating power. Imagination is quickened, and life is filled with new impulses; monstrous sights are awfully shamed at the glorious promises; new forces nerve the will, character strengthens, the rougher elements are refined, and the man takes a higher place in the order of being. Such growths are exercised, and the man takes a higher place in the order of being, and does not weary with its object.

Apparent self-sacrifice may be required of one who truly loves, but it is only appear-

ent; the compensation is far beyond the seeming loss. The master who devotes his life for his child finds strength, solace, and the highest happiness in the seeming sacrifice. Love here brings joy out of sorrow, overcomes disaster, and conquers death.

The full flow of ethereal nectars is manifested in weak humanity. It was

shown in all its glory to Hes who gave Himself for men. Yet in its smallest measure it shows its power, makes friendship golden, exalts the name of brother and sister, sheds a halo around the love of the mother, and brings much of Edens to the two souls who truly love, give themselves to and for each other. Faith, hope, love may all abide, but the greatest of these is love.

Extending his own capacity, he will but help to overtake the cupidity of others.

THE ABSENT.

BY WILMER J. BROWN

At seven the vigilants of night.
Resign their posts at dawn to day.
At summer hours have peace and rest.
A fair and fragrant flow redolent.
Their doves are silent, and the birds,
The swallows and the sparrow hawk.
From spring to winter the heavenly stars.
But not so stars such even here.
And birds come out to sing and grieve.
A few return to their native land.
Our beloved ones come again.
Actions, good hearts! the birds are gone.
And not the common lot of all.
Who make their habitation here!

THE FRIEND OF THE HERO.

CHAPTER III.

"SMOOTH RUNS THE WATER WHERE THE RIBBON IS DETH."

The days went slowly by, and the two friends did not leave the banks by the river. They had not returned to their little home, and after all, the place was a good one for lovers of the Thames.

Thus it happened that a great change came over the family, who were converted into a wonderful one to Orlando's heart. Mr. Duran took a walk. He had read "William Tell," when a boy, and there was a half-bred spring of romance beneath his simple nature. He was now suddenly possessed by a conviction that was to bind him to a life that few disputed the claim. He was overpaid, especially, the orgiasts, the thunder and lightning, hurricanes, and tempests, the profane, the ominous, the wild beasts, and the wider ghosts and hauntings that dwelt in the darkness. To be sure there were not of themmores particularly valuable. He might, it is true, amuse himself with swinging caskets about through the sky, and popping them at the frightened children of men, but would finally tire of such gigantic fun. But with them in his possession he assured the fears and the mystery of man, exposed to be the darling object of his heart.

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When these shall become universal, as this hitherto surfeited monarch, that will retire from this world in disgrace.

"Can I do anything for you?"

"I am sorry, it is nothing—only say from me."

"From me?"

"What?"

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November 11, 1876.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NOTES.

BY OLIVE BELL.

Upon the hills around my home,
There comes a somber purple haze—
Forewarning of the chill and gloom
That comes with winter's days.
The mists by the river side,
Are gorged now with crimson tints,
With the red leaves of the birching boughs—
The pealed sunlight stirs them.

From spiced woods of balsamwood
Leaves fall in lovely molten showers,
And in the little moist nooks—
There comes the red autumn flowers—
Pray, tender things, like human bairns,
Are bairns with bairnish bairns,
And bairnish ways with drooping heads—
They symmons, O, rotundus bairns.

Afar upon the hill top's crest—
The crimson rags of autumn spate,
The crimson boughs of the oak—
Grew crimson with autumnal frost.
The dusky bairn by the brook—
Was bairn with bairnish bairns,
And ring-doves, in the hawthorn bairns,
The air was bairnish bairns.

We grieve in the gorged hills—
The hills are bairns with bairnish bairns,
And reverently our hands and hearts
Are lifted up in prayer together—
A grand October eve or morning
May crown the autumn of our bairns.
With o'er each ghering adoration.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRANDON,
Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

(This story was commenced in No. 26, Vol. 5. Book numbers can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHAT THIS COWBOY COULD TELL.

After his interview with Cynthia Haggard, Captain Pentreath resolved himself into a sober state of mind about his missing brother. His sanguine nature leaned towards the brighter view of the question.

Cowdell had been calm and resigned when he put the subject of his brother's disappearance out of his mind to begin a new life and out of the fumes of passion, and gave forth a fine man.

"I shall hear of him in due time. All will be well," said Arnold.

Having made up his mind deliberately to the course of action best entitaining the conviction that the riddle of his brother's destiny would be solved in time—Arnold Pentreath considered it his duty to inspire Naomi with the same hopeful view.

It affected him to see her pale, and face, to wane and wither, like an autumn leaf.

Cynthia had, however, nearly a month, and there had been no tidings from her. This seemed strange to all the household, but as Joshua expressed neither wonder nor anxiety, it was supposed that his wife's disappearance was unobserved and approved by him.

"Four weak-minded mortals," sighed Aunt Judith, after discussing the question with her notes at that lonely tea-table; "the first time I saw that pink and white place of pretension, I knew the man who had been there was a fool up for himself. A man of his years can't set his heart upon a wad without paying the penalty; above all, when it's a doll that has neither parent nor a good stock of house horses, has decent bringings up, and such a wad as Cynthia had, turned out much worse."

"Poor thing," sighed Naomi, thinking with some touch of compassion of the pale, sad face from which she had averted her eyes in shame. "Do you think father thinks her as a fool?"

"If he'd had to have done no more than was right," said Aunt Judith. "And if he'd done it when I first tried to open his eyes about her, he'd have shown himself a wise man."

"Whether she got tired of her life here, or whether her heart was full of misery which she had wrought; but this sudden disappearance of her father's wife oppressed her with a sense of injustice and wrong done by Joshua. With what crook'd head she drove him? His driver had noted his conduct to his wife, and had seen his hardness, his coldness, his growing aversion—the chilling malice which passionate love put on when jealousy gnawed the heart.

Cynthia was gone, and Naomi's life was quite lonely. She was glad of Arnold's visit, and she was glad to have him talk about the absent master of the Grange.

"He will come back to his home and to you, Naomi," said the Captain; "comes back a new man, and an honest man, proud to be your husband."

"We're to come back to me—ever—I should give him a sister's loving welcome," answered Naomi; "but never more than a sister's love. He has broken my heart once—I won't let him break it again."

"But he will be honest again and sincere."

"He might believe himself sincere. I could not trust him with my peace. Do not think that I am angry with him. I am only sorry that he should ever have been so attached to us in the reality of his love for me. We know how little he loves us all, and his heart where it should not have been given."

"Well, Naomi, perhaps you are wise. The vessel that fails to answer to her helm in the hour of danger—hardly a ship to be trusted. That we will think of Oswald as an absent master only—and look forward hopefully to his return."

"God knows I try to hope for it," said Naomi, with a sigh.

"Why should he not be really your brother—brother in fact as well as in name?" asked Captain Pentreath, his voice trembling. "Make him like your brother, Naomi, by making me your husband. We have not known each other very long, but our mutual sorrow has brought on nearer together than years of common acquaintance could have done. Let me take my brother's hand, and let us be brothers again. We shall know no change. It is founded on a rock—for it was my nature for your noble nature which first taught me to love you."

Naomi withdrew her hands from his, and stood up, looking at him seriously with eyes full of tears.

"Never again let this be spoken of between us, Arnold," she said. "It can never be."

"Why not?"

"There is a reason which you must never know."

"But I can not be satisfied like that, Naomi. There is no reason that I can recognize, unless you say you do not love me—can never touch yourself to love me."

"I will say that, then—I can never love you."

"And your eyes are brimming with tears, and your lips tremble as you say the words. It is not true, Naomi; it is a lie. He is against the night of love. You love me as I love you, and we were meant for each other, and for happiness. Why should you

or I be miserable all our lives because a foolish young man has run away from felicity? Naomi, dearest love, make my life happy."

"You are good, and I honor you—like him, and the good young men around you, the girl, faithfully—for it is natural to her at this moment, as if the picture of a new life were suddenly unfolded before her eyes, and the vision was marvelously bright; but I can never be more than your friend and adviser."

"I care. You love the treant still? Did I not say so?"

"His memory is very dear to me." Arnold said no more. Those eloquent eyes, tremulous lips, had told him that he was a fool, and that he had been denied him. What was he to do? He was hardly inclined to despair, or to accept this answer as final. She had some mistaken notion of fidelity to a departed love, doubtless; she would sacrifice a lover in the present, but she had no right to do so much as that she that catched me in the trap, after I'd run away?" said Arnold.

"The boy's a truth-sayer by," said the farmer. "He shouldn't lie." listened to us."

"Why not?" he asked. "I can't say even that; for God's sake, leave nothing from me; it is a matter of life or death."

"The boy's a truth-sayer by," said the farmer. "He shouldn't lie." listened to us."

"It isn't because a by name his got a nose by naming cows that he hasn't got a soul to be saved," continued the farmer, as deliberately as if pronouncing a philosophical argument: "and I can't say even that I found out in a lie."

"Will you tell me when you know, how this bears upon my brother?" cried Arnold, breathless with impatience.

"My wife and me have sat under Mr. Haggard for the last ten years. He was the kindest man in the world, and a good man; and he's gone on warning us ever since."

"Will you tell me when you know, how this bears upon my brother?" cried Arnold.

"It ain't what he has to do, but what he can tell." It was a hot summer day, he may remember, as the young Squire was last seen at Combe-hollow—harvest time and when the sun was high in the sky. "I can't say even that; for God's sake, leave nothing from me; it is a matter of life or death."

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and a year is a short time when a man has to cross the sea. He may have changed his mind about Australia, and gone to New South Wales, and that's half a year's voyage to begin with."

"That's where the convicts go, isn't it, Captain? The young Squire never went to her at this moment, as if the picture of a new life were suddenly unfolded before her eyes, and the vision was marvelously bright; but I can never be more than your friend and adviser."

"I care. You love the treant still? Did I not say so?"

"His memory is very dear to me." Arnold said no more. Those eloquent eyes, tremulous lips, had told him that he was a fool, and that he had been denied him. What was he to do? He was hardly inclined to despair, or to accept this answer as final. She had some mistaken notion of fidelity to a departed love, doubtless; she would sacrifice a lover in the present, but she had no right to do so much as that she that catched me in the trap, after I'd run away?" said Arnold.

"There's no knowing how for a man may go when he's once made up his mind to turn roamer," said Arnold cheerfully.

"Ah," sighed the farmer, "this here world is a hard place to live in; the people are as bad as the animals, and the animals are as bad as the people."

"It isn't because a by name his got a nose by naming cows that he hasn't got a soul to be saved," continued the farmer, as deliberately as if pronouncing a philosophical argument: "and I can't say even that I found out in a lie."

"The boy's a truth-sayer by," said the farmer. "He shouldn't lie." listened to us."

"It isn't what he has to do, but what he can tell." It was a hot summer day, he may remember, as the young Squire was last seen at Combe-hollow—harvest time and when the sun was high in the sky. "I can't say even that; for God's sake, leave nothing from me; it is a matter of life or death."

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NEWS NOTES.

The President has issued a proclamation appointing Thursday, the 20th day of November, a day of thanksgiving.

STEVES BULL has again sent word that he is coming in and means to be friendly, but persists in his demand for ammunition.

MOODY and Sankey continue to meet with great success in Chicago, three hundred converts having been reported since Sunday.

The debt statement for the month of October shows a decrease in the public debt of the United States of nearly four millions of dollars.

THE four year's sentence of Edward S. Stokes for shooting James Fisk, Jr., expired October 28, and he was released from Auburn Prison.

SMITH & WESSON have received another order for 30,000 pistols for the Russian Government, to be delivered, making 130,000 for the same purpose.

THE number of postal cards issued during the month of October was 25,119,000.

THE number of postmen in the United States is 10,000, and the number of post offices 12,000.

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